

"THE TAIL IS SENSITIVE USED TO WARN OF NASTY THINGS BEHIND"

bodies like  
Idaho potatoes  
mostly they live  
underground  
digging with  
huge claws  
travelling back  
ward late at  
night tiny  
mole eyes  
burrowing for  
what matters  
in the black  
earth some  
thing like poets

HENRY

with his dead wife  
and his garden in  
westport with his  
old bank president  
clothes and his poems  
from the forties  
coughing in a room  
across the hall  
coughing up his  
children's bad  
marriages coughing  
up bourbon shred  
ding rejections  
from the atlantic  
in the bathroom  
putting his hearing  
aid on and swaggering  
down to dinner in a  
jacket that matches  
his eyes with a "what  
millay oh wasn't  
she a i guess i was  
the only one who  
didn't" flinging  
his arms "oh this  
modern poetry i  
just can't"

1944

jack and jill had  
drawings of fathers  
in army clothes  
my mother sprayed  
around the new flat  
turning the radio  
up when somebody said  
the germans it was  
some time before i  
realized tunnels  
werent made just for  
them a sailor came  
and slept with his  
eye open on the blue  
couch where the cat  
peed i couldnt  
understand why my  
grandmother kept  
crying forgot the  
ferns we peeled  
the foil from gum  
wrappers rolled the  
silver into balls  
that glowed in the  
scooped out glass  
elephant behind the  
chair as the lights  
went out bright  
eggs from some odd  
dangerous bird that  
buzzed the houses  
sirens, a blood red  
arrow on the radio  
the only light